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percentage from the sale of some of our popular school books have the air of fable. Noah Webster lived, for the greater part of his lifetime, upon the profits of his spelling-book. The sums obtained by some of the French authors, for single works, are still more startling. Victor Hugo was paid \$80,000 for "Les Misérables," and \$8,000 for the copyright of a single poem; while the "Notre Dame de Paris" brought him \$40,000, and his other works similarly large sums. He is said to have refused \$100,000 for the copyright of his last book. Yet he hawked about his first work a long time before he found a purchaser at three hundred francs.

George Sand realized ten thousand dollars on each of her seventy-five volumes of novels, and about \$80,000 additional on her plays. There is little doubt that Alexander Dumas, the elder, has made nearly a million of dollars, and spent it. Miss Braddon is rapidly acquiring a fortune. Sardou, the author of "La Famille Benoiton"—a play produced in English in New York, under the title of "The Fast Family," has received for it, from the Parisian and provincial theatres, about \$30,000. Paul Feval, another playwright, received for "La Bossu," played here under the name of "The Duke's Motto," \$24,000; and for "La Fils du Diable," \$22,000. Besides this, his annual income from the copyright of his novels, averages \$12,000. Ponsard received \$12,000 in advance, for his last piece. Lamartine has received and spent a fortune, and complains now of poverty, not being probably worth \$50,000—a pitiable case of destitution. So Eugene Sue received 750,000 francs for his "Mysteries of Paris," nearly as much for the "Wandering Jew," and realized a large fortune from his various works, and spent it as French authors generally do. Scribe, the dramatist, left a fortune of \$800,000.

But there is a dark side to the picture. The miserable life of Savage, and the equally miserable life of Poe, were due, perhaps, mainly to the lack of moral principles in the men; but there are instances even in modern days of the scantiness of reward of modern authors. Alphonse Karr wrote his first novel, popular in France even yet, and sold it to a publisher for twelve hundred francs (\$240), and took promissory notes for the amount. The notes were never paid, and the costs of protest, amounting to as much more, fell on poor Karr. Another French writer of reputation, Sandeau, received for novels, six hundred francs, one half in wafers. Beranger, from whose works his publishers netted a half million of francs, received an annuity of less than a hundred and sixty dollars. However, Beranger had few wants, and was so content, that it was with difficulty his publishers could get him to take the money when they raised his annual pension to three thousand francs. The elder authors suffered more than the younger. Thus Spenser was always in want; Corneille had an old age of misery; Tasso had to borrow small amounts of silver at one time to procure food; Camoens, the great Portuguese poet, died "in a hospital without having a sheet or shroud to cover him." Aldrovandus also died in a hospital; Ockley, the author of a famous "History of the Saracens," passed a great part of his life in a debtor's prison; Vaudel, the most illustrious poet of Holland, died in poverty; Cervantes was miserably poor; Xylander sold a manuscript work for a dinner; the fate of Chatter-

ton is universally known; and Vangelas, before he closed a life of wretchedness, left his dead body to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors.

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"DI TANTI PALPITI."—This air is called in Venice "l'Ari dei rizi," and for the following reason: In this country all dinners, whether of the rich or poor, commence with a dish of rice, which is eaten little dressed, after being put down to the fire a few minutes before serving. Rossini had entered his inn for the purpose of dining. He had taxed his genius in vain—nothing pleased him—all his efforts proved abortive. "Bisogna mettere i rizi?" (Shall I put down the rice?) said the cook, who wished to know by the question, whether he was ready for dinner. "Do so," said Rossini; and in the meanwhile he sat down to the piano. The fortunate moment had arrived; the rice had not been brought up, before the aria "Ditanti palpita" was set to music.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
LABORDE.—This great tenor, who had refused to sing on credit, and by his refusal had made the former management bankrupt, appeared lately upon the stage at Brussels. As was expected, there was a great row in the theatre. One party was for, and another against, the singer. In the midst of the tumult, the artist asked: "Must not you, as spectators, pay, when you go to the theatre?" "Yes!" "And can you expect that I, as a vocalist, should make a present of my performance, not to you, for that would be an honor, but to the director?" "No!"—"Yes!"—From words the audience came to blows; and at last four ringleaders were arrested, which quieted the remainder.

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PROLIFIC WRITERS.—Calderon (died 1687) wrote 127 comedies, 95 sacred plays, and 160 divertissemens. Goldoni (died 1792) wrote 200 plays; Lessing (died 1781) wrote about 150 different works; Lopez de Vega (died 1635) wrote 1,800 plays; Voltaire (died 1788) filled 70 volumes, in octavo, with his writings.

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MOZART'S ACCOMPANIMENTS.—A would-be connoisseur in music, after attending the performance of Handel's Messiah at a country festival, said: "I wish they would not add Mozart's accompaniments, for they make the oratorio so confoundedly long."

ART MATTERS.

The production of "Mario Antoinette," at the French Theatre, with all its perfectness of scenery, like that of "Richelieu," "Hamlet," and the "Merchant of Venice," some time since, suggests the question whether the art education of the people would not be greatly advanced through the medium of scenic art.

People go to the theatre to be amused. A few, perhaps, to be instructed. Striking a balance, we will find the amusement seekers to be in a majority of about ninety per cent. Now, cannot this ninety per cent. be taught something? Setting aside the mere question of acting, cannot they be taught something about art—its aims, objects, and interests?

The stage possesses a superior advantage

to the studio or picture-gallery, in that it has the advantage of histrionic as well as pictorial art. The passions of man, his loves and weaknesses, are brought before us in horrible colors, with vivid reality, and we are made more thoroughly to appreciate the innermost workings of his mind, than we possibly could be by the limner's art, through the medium of the canvas. Cannot, then, the scene painter's art be raised to an equality with that of the actor? Cannot the public be taught that without it acting is, comparatively, nothing? Cannot we, in short, wheedle, if you choose, the people into a love of art by displaying to them how valuable an auxiliary art must always be to everything connected with mental culture and refinement? Assuredly, yes. Take, for instance, this very matter of scene painting; what immense strides we have made even within the last five years. We see now-a-days but few scenic incongruities. A play, to be successful, must be perfect in its scenery. Garrick played "Hamlet" in a powdered wig and knee-breeches. The "Hamlet" of the present day must give us, at least, some idea of Danish costume. The same way with scenery. The theatre-going public of to-day expect in it artistic skill, and artistic unity. All this demonstrates one fact—day by day we are getting to more thoroughly understand and appreciate art.

Should not, then, this understanding and appreciation be encouraged? If the stage is the medium through which it can be accomplished, why, then, let it be so. But, above all, let us leave no stone unturned to bring about the desirable end of making ourselves an art-loving, art-admiring, art-appreciating community.

Messrs. J. Gurney & Son have published a fine chromo of Constant Meyer's popular picture, "Love's Melancholy," executed by Fabronius. This is unquestionably the finest specimen of chromo-lithographic art we have ever had in this country. At a distance of a few feet the illusion is perfect, and it is next to impossible to distinguish the oil painting from the chromo. A full account, has, however, been given of the picture in the ART JOURNAL, already. Messrs. J. Gurney & Son, the publishers, have opened a new field in the publication of "Love's Melancholy," which they will doubtless work with the same tact and energy as has marked their management of the photographic business. The "Love's Melancholy" is but the first of a series of chromos, which are promised to surpass anything of the sort ever attempted. Chromo-lithography is a beautiful art, and has never been developed to its fullest capacities; if the Messrs. Gurney will do this, they will deserve the thanks and esteem of the whole art community.

PALETTA.